

The Wesleyan.

Longworth Israel

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

"The American pest," says the *Current*, "is the professional American politician. He is almost as great a criminal as the publisher of a sensational political newspaper."

Robert Collyer's remark about Ingersoll's atheism is worth quoting: "It can never become an institution; it can never be more than a destitution."

Men who cease buying a paper because it now and then has ideas different from their own are cranks who cannot be depended upon in any business transaction.—*N. O. Paper.*

The one lesson which, more than all others, is being taught by the progress of sanitary science and art, is that most of the physical evils of life are the direct results of breaches of law.—*Independent.*

The London *Record* contends that the Pusey memorial is intended as a permanent endowment of the Confessional at Oxford. It is under the guise of a Library, but the Librarians are Confessors.

The preacher who places in the hands of the young converts the literature of the Church provides them with safeguards against a decline in zeal which may bear them out of the Church, or render them dead and useless to the Church.—*Texas Advocate.*

We have no business to forget that an idea does not get hold of a people in a flash, but works from man to man against a stubborn resistance—for men do not like to change until they see where the change will lead them.—*Zion's Herald.*

Brother S— does not believe in Foreign Missions, and thinks preachers receive a great deal too much; though he says he is too poor to pay anything; but he spent two dollars to see the animals in a circus. Such a piety is a shame and a fraud.—*Arkansas Methodist.*

The officials of Centenary Church, in this city, have returned to an old custom. At their usual meeting they put on paper the needs of the church for the eyes of the Bishop and Elders, without naming any names, and then joined in prayer to God to send the right man. We hail this move as a good omen.—*Richmond Ad.*

To those who are praying and hoping for a revival, the *Spectator*, Melbourne, says: "Bright, loving, holy lives; earnest and persevering prayer, in which the burdens of other hearts are made our own, and borne to God; steady, unwearied work, in which we do not give up heart because marked success is not at once seen—let our service to God be of this type, then the Lord will continually add to the Church such as are being saved."

Children have a habit of thinking what they see abroad is so much better than they have at home. Many men and women are but "children of a larger growth" in this particular. Their discontent runs out into all the relations of life. They are the people who indulge specially in disparaging their pastor and Church, and contrasting with their vaunted short-comings the excellences attributed to others.—*Chicago Herald.*

Some months since a rector in the Established Church visited a Wesleyan church during a period of religious interest. After a little watching he arose and said: "Friends, this is all wrong; this disturbance is unseemly, this excitement uncalculated. When Solomon was building the temple there was neither hammer nor saw nor child." The Wesleyan pastor replied: "That's all right, brother, but we are not building, we are just blasting."

A new horror is being developed in some parts of Canada—the presentation of addresses by deputations to the bereaved of wife, husband or child. It will soon be fashionable, if the present rate of progress in this direction is long continued, to take advantage of a man's dying moments to present him with an address, expressive of the blank he will leave in the community, and recounting the good deeds done in the body.—*Tor. Globe.*

The *Christian Intelligencer* says: "The development of self-supporting churches in the field occupied by the American Board is shown by the fact that there has been no increase in the number of female missionaries for thirty years, yet the territory actually occupied, counting towns and cities and the volume of work in progress, including educational enterprises, is at least fourfold greater at less than double the expense. Who says missions are a failure?"

The worship of Saint Rocco, says the *Civita Evangelica*, as imaginary protector of Roman Catholics in time of cholera, would appear to be prose perverted. One church alone in Rome netted no fewer than seventy thousand pounds Italian. The shepherds will feed well if the sheep be shorn at that rate!

A modern Christian thinker speaks of "a kind of scrap-book infidelity, picked up from the newspaper odds and ends of the world's scholarship—an infidelity made up of broken pieces of science, and dashes of color from literature, without unifying principle or consistency of substance. That is the kind prevalent in most parts of these United States. It can be corrected only by giving it more knowledge and extracting from it its conceit."—*Nashville Ad.*

The organist who is a man of religious feeling will manifest it by the soothing effects of his introductory strains before the commencement of Divine service, and by his adaptation of the hymn tune to the successive words of the succeeding verses of the hymn, and to the character of what he plays as the concluding voluntary. It seems wiser to let the voluntary before service be long rather than the concluding effort, for too often (it is said) has the concluding crash and loud music wholly obliterated the good effects of the sermon.—*Church Bell.*

Referring to the recent attempts of the Incumbent of Clabby to prevent a Methodist funeral service in the churchyard at the interment of the Rev. George Kirkpatrick, *Ireland's Gazette* says:—"It is repeated and repeated mistakes of this kind in the diocese (whether suggested or not by the Council) which defeat the good purposes of its Synod, and drive numbers of its Protestants, formerly well attached to the Church of Ireland, into the always open doors of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches."

"Thank God," said Talmage, "the election is over. The long scroll of abuse, malediction, billing-gate, denunciation, calumny, malignity, savagery, persecution, revenge, venom, virulence, diabolism, betrayal, intimidation, truculence, vituperation, disparagement, calumny, scurrility, invective, obloquy, hypercriticism, sneer, satire, censure, abomination and villainy is rolled up, not to be opened in four years." It has been in our mind to make the same remark, but clergymen have more time for force and elaboration than the sermonizer of the daily newspaper.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The *Church Times* says: "That most deplorable act which John Wesley committed on September 2nd, 1784, namely, the pretended consecration of Bishops for America, whereby he involved the whole work of his life in schism, preceded the real consecration of Bishop Seabury by less than eleven weeks." We are glad to have this acknowledgment from the doughty champion of the Churchmanship of John Wesley. We should like to know, however, which consecration has been justified by results. The successes of the Church of Bishop Seabury look very small beside the successes of that of Bishop Asbury.—*London Methodist.*

The *Spectator* lately gave the following statistics relative to Jewish ascendancy in France: "Two Jews sit in the Senate, three in the Chamber, four in the Council of State, and two in the Supreme Council of Public Education. One Cabinet minister, M. David Raynal, is a Jew, and so are no less than ten chiefs of ministerial departments, who are probably more powerful than ministers. Three Prefects are Jews, seven Sub-Prefects, and four Inspectors-General of Education. The same community furnishes two Generals of Division, three Generals of Brigade, four Colonels, and nine Lieutenant-Colonels, one judge of the Court of Cassation (the President), and ten provincial Judges."

At the meeting held at the Mansion-house, London, in the interest of young women engaged in city work, a very striking fact was stated. It is estimated that within a quarter of a mile radius of St. Paul's Cathedral no fewer than 70,000 young women find daily employment. Many of these must earn but small wages, and we heartily commend the very practical philanthropy which provides for such cheap dinners and shelter places during the meal hours. Do we estimate worthily the moral and religious influences that affect these young women in the business houses, and as they pass to and fro on the streets? This is a modern feature of life, and we fear Christian people are not alive to the responsibilities which it lays upon them.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

PHASES OF INSPIRATION.

But has Inspiration really ceased out of the Church? Is the Holy Spirit but a term in ancient theology? Is he not the abiding Paraclete? Jesus Christ distinctly promised that the Paraclete should abide "for ever," and can he be in the heart without inspiring the whole range of the mind? I have no doubt as to the continuance of Inspiration in the Church, for it seems to me to be the one gift which must, of gracious necessity, abide for ever—the gift, indeed, without which the Church could not exist. But the gift is not always to be used in one direction. There are inspired readers as certainly as there are inspired writers. "There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding," in the deep and true reading of the Word. I am not alarmed by the perils which must instantly suggest themselves to apprehensive minds, though some of these perils, viewed from unequal distances, are unquestionably portentous in outline. The gift of inspired reading is the gift of the whole-believing and suppliant Church. . . . A kind of inspiration I mean can be had for the asking by all humble souls.

"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father which is in heaven give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask Him?" The proof of such inspiration will be found less in intellectual splendor than in spiritual docility and childlike obedience; we shall be unconscious of the shining of our face, but shall know that in our hearts there is a great softness of love, a holy yearning after the Father's perfectness; we shall be most inspired when we are most teachable; we may be sure that the purpose of the Holy Spirit is being accomplished within us when we say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," and ask him, beside whom are the two anointed ones, not to withhold his revelation from baby-like souls. Verily, Inspiration hath not ceased.

Let us pray for an inspired ministry, in other words, that our ministers may be blessed with a double portion of the Holy Spirit. This is our protection against priestism. This will sanctify every man, body, soul and spirit, and make the whole Church the living temple of the Holy Ghost. When ministers are divinely inspired their public reading of the Scriptures will be an exposition; every accent will be as a tongue of fire, emphasis will give new tints of meaning. The inspired writers wait for inspired readers. How the Holy Book leaps, so to say, in recognition of the sacred touch and the loving glance! The inspired reading gives us a Bible which cannot be taken from us; not a mechanical Bible, which cunning hands can disjoin; not an artificial Bible, which relies upon scattered proof-texts; but a living revelation, a voice which awakens faithful echoes in the heart; a self-attesting Book; its own mystery and its own lamp; without beginning or end; an infinite surprise, an infinite benediction. Have no fear that the Ark of the Testament will be taken. We lose our inspiration when we lose our Faith, and then we are the subjects of irrational panic. Rather say, "Come up, ye horses, and rage, ye chariots; and let the mighty men come forth, for Pharaoh, king of Egypt, is but a noise." Theories and dogmas, propositions and controversies, orthodoxies and heterodoxies, come and go, but the Word of the Lord abideth for ever, "surely as Tabor is among the mountains and Carmel by the sea."—*Rev. J. Parker, D. D.*

THE MISSION CEMETERY AT FOOCHOW.

Last week, in the meeting of the Missionary Committee at New York, when Bishop Taylor's work in Africa was under consideration, Bishop Foss quoted a remark once made by Bishop James: "The mission cause needs more missionary graves." Scarcely has the echo of his words died upon the ear, when along the paths of the sea comes the flash of an electric spark saying: "Bishop Wiley has fallen at Foochow." And we stand all bewildered, and wonder if there is any place on earth where the dear Bishop would rather have died, and any place where he would rather be buried than in the mission cemetery at Foochow. A trumpet voice calls to the church at home, and will thrill a million hearts with a loftier purpose to redeem the population of that great celestial empire. In the *Ladies' Repository*, 1858, may be found a very interesting article written by Bishop Wiley while medical missionary in our China field, describing "The Mission Cemetery at Funchau," accompanied by an engraving of the sacred enclosure. There on the 4th of November, 1853, Dr. Wiley buried his first wife—a memorial of whose life may be found in the *Repository* for August, 1854. Next to Mrs. Wiley lay the sacred dust of that charming, cultured and beautiful lady,

THE COPTIC AND MOHAMMEDANS.

The Coptic Church, writes M. L. Wheatley, from Egypt, has the Scriptures, and has kept them faithfully through persecutions and oppressions, which drove out their language as a spoken tongue, and made them a wretched and degraded people in many respects. But this is now past; they are now equal in almost everything to their Moslem neighbors, and have full freedom of worship. The errors and corruptions that had crept into their Church long before the Moslem invasion remain almost unformed, and it is a matter of discussion among eminent men here, which is quite undecided, whether this Church will ever throw off its errors, or whether they are too deeply rooted to be abandoned. The Coptic remnant live on familiar terms in general with their Moslem countrymen; in habits they resemble each other a good deal, and it is rare to find ill-will among them now that persecution no longer exists. But there seems no desire on the Christians' part to convert them, or to speak to them of religion at all. A Coptic woman, if any one produces a Bible where Moslem females are present, will say: "Don't read it to them; the Gospel is only for us." The Moslems are the mass of the Egyptians, of course, and a most difficult people to deal with. The Moslem religion, from the very fact that it contains so much truth mixed up with falsehood, is one of the hardest, perhaps the hardest, to contend with of all the forms of perverted faith in the world. There is enough of real good in both their laws and their holy book to satisfy their conscience, and yet a "long rope" is given to man's weakness, such as revenge and sensuality, so that it is eminently a popular religion. The self-righteous heart has all it wants; those who have not golden deeds can make up by the copper coin of outward observances, and those who have not even these to boast of have the name of Islam to rest on at last. "And this," as a Moslem lately remarked, "is, after all, enough to save us at the day of judgment, by the mercy of God and the Prophet." This is, perhaps, actually a formula of faith, but it is held by vast numbers. It would appear that good actions, though highly desirable, are not essential, and that belief in the intercession of the Prophet is the one thing needful, and with this lie in their right hand multitudes are daily slipping out of the world.

But higher shall our rapture glow.
On you celestial plain,
When the level and parted here below
Meet ever to part again."
—*Rev. S. F. Gracey in Zion's Herald.*

OBEDIENT CHRIST.

If I keep Christ's commandments only because I have come to see for myself that they are wise and good, I do not obey him. If I recognize his authority, I shall keep his commandments before I recognize that they are either good or wise.

Half a century ago many unwise persons thought that children ought always to be shown the reasons for everything that they were required to do. This pernicious theory has happily lost its temporary popularity. It is obvious that children who were brought up under its influence could never be disciplined to obedience. But the inevitable conditions of human life must have made it impossible to translate the theory into practice. There are many things that can hardly be explained to a baby in long clothes. Even a child of six will not find it easy to understand why it should be compelled to take offensive medicine, or why any limit should be placed upon its innocent pleasures in the vineries and strawberry beds. It is doubtful whether even a boy of nine or ten can be made to understand why he should learn the multiplication table or the Latin declensions. He has to do it first, and then learn the reasons afterward.

The same principle holds in relation to morals. If a child is not disciplined to truthfulness, industry, kindness, before he can see for himself the obligations of any of these, the chances are that he will never see that lying, indolence, cruelty, are hateful vices. Compel him to be industrious, and he will discover for himself the obligations of industry; make it hard for him to lie, and he will discover for himself the obligations of truthfulness; use authority to accustom him to kindness, and he will discover for himself the wickedness of cruelty. In morals practice comes before theory.

Mrs. Annie Wentworth, wife of the superintendent of the China mission. Many green mounds have been added as the thirty intervening years have slipped away, and now our sainted and honored Bishop will sleep beside the one who first joined heart and hand with him in labor in the Flowery kingdom. No words could be more fitting than those his own hand penned in 1858:—

"And now, while we cast our eyes over this beautiful picture, and shed our tears over these fallen missionaries, let not these precious tombs startle us, or discourage us from the work of evangelizing this great heathen city. No! they are the tombs of Christians, of the daughters of America, of the children of the American Church, not one of whom regretted this consecration or counted her life dear to her, if she might share a part in this glorious work. This cemetery consecrates Fuh-chau. The voice from each sleeper there is a voice calling to the church to go forward in this work." "Let us cherish the memories of these fallen missionaries. Let the names of these martyrs live in the heart of the church. Let us shed our tears over their precious graves; but let not the cemetery at Fuh-chau startle us from the field; but let it be as a familiar voice from our beloved ones who have borne the heat and burden of the day calling us to enter into their labor!"

Have in Oregon, Kingsley in Syria, Melville B. Cox in Africa, Coke in the Indian Ocean, Wiley in China—what a cordon of pickets on the advance line of the triumphant and on-sweeping hosts of American Methodism, marching to the evangelization of the world!

Thus missionary graves are knitting our hearts to the distant peoples of the earth while heathen nations become more akin to us. Henceforth a new glow will warm our hearts as we mention softly and tenderly the names henceforth forever wedded in our thought. Mrs. Judson sang in parting with her husband,—

But higher shall our rapture glow.
On you celestial plain,
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Meet ever to part again."
—*Rev. S. F. Gracey in Zion's Herald.*

An agnostic, on learning that a distinguished and intelligent lady was a believer in the Holy Scriptures, professed to be surprised, and asked her, "Do you believe in the Bible?" "Most certainly I do," was the reply, "Why do you believe it?" he again queried, "Because I am acquainted with the Author." This was her testimony; and all his talk about the unknown and the unknowable went for nothing in view of the calm confidence born of her personal acquaintance with God.

Al! well it is for that God is a loving Father, who takes our very prayers and thanksgivings rather for what we mean than for what they are; just as parents smile on the trailing weeds that their ignorant little ones bring for flowers.—*Edward Garrett.*

The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little facet of God's will fastened upon its back.

When God would educate a man He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities rather than to the graces, that, by knowing all suffering, he may know also the eternal consolation.

tions of truthfulness; use authority to accustom him to kindness, and he will discover for himself the wickedness of cruelty. In morals practice comes before theory.

And so, if we obey Christ, the commandments will soon shine in their own light. "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." It is not by mere meditation that we come to see the beauty and excellences of Christ's commandments; we must obey them before we see how beautiful and noble they are. We must actually follow Christ if we desire to have "the light of life"; if we decline to follow him till the "light" comes, we shall remain in darkness.—*R. W. Dale.*

COREA.

The city of Seoul, Corea, where a Methodist Episcopal mission is about to be commenced, looms up before you with high towers in Chinese style, pierced for cannon, and the city is surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet in height and built of solid stone. You may think that you are about to enter some grand city with stately abodes, but on passing through the gate you find only thatched cottages, very wide streets and scarcely any trees; and you are surprised that so grand a wall should be thought necessary to protect so insignificant a town. But there are throngs of people there, and bullocks and ponies laden with merchandise are passing you constantly. In the broad, open spaces called market places, are groups of donkeys laden with vegetables and bulls almost covered out of sight with loads of brushwood, to be used as fuel. Along the little brooks, which run through the city, are wash-boards with their clothes-lines. The Coreans build their houses by erecting four pillars or posts at the corners, and filling in the walls with mud. The better houses of the wealthy are faced with stone, pointed with cement. Though these are better in quality than those of the poor, they are much the same style. You enter a house through a little sliding door or window about three feet high, consisting of a light wooden framework papered over to exclude the air and admit the light. There is no good house a veranda, upon which the shoes of the inmates and visitors are left while they enter. In this tidy custom the Coreans resemble the Japanese; but the hollow space under the floor of the house, which is filled in winter with warm air, reminds you of the Chinese.—*The Foreign Missionary.*

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